HOME

A Story of Today and of All Days

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by. Captain Wayne tells Alan of the failing of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healey defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation. At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Alix Alix is taken to task hy Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him. Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Peranabuco. Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home. Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl. The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to her home, and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her. At Maple house Collingeford tells how he met Alan—'Ten Per Cont Wayne'-building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII-Continued.

The next morning, with Clem as cicerone, Collingeford went over to The Firs to pay his respects to Alix. They found her under the trees. "How do you do?" said Alix. "The Honorable Percy, isn't it?"

"What a memory you have for trifles," said Collingeford, laughing. "May I sit down?"

"Do." said Alix. She was perched in the middle of a garden seat. On each side of her were piled various stuffs and all the paraphernalia of the sewing circle. Collingeford sat down before her and stared. Clem had gone off in search of game more to her taste. Alix seemed to him very small. He felt the change in her before he could fix in what it lay. She seemed still and restful in spite of her flying fingers. Spiritually still. Her eyes, glancing at him between stitches, were amused and grave at the same time.

"Doll's clothes?" said Collingeford, waving at a beribboned morsel.

"No." said Alix. Collingeford stared a little longer and then he broke out with, "Look here, what have you done with her? Over there, the young Mrs. Lansing -spice, deviltry, scintillation and wit -blinding. Over here, Mrs. Gerrydemure and industrious. Don't tell me you have gone in for the Quaker pose, but please tell me which is the poseuse; you now or the other one." Alix laughed. "I'm just me now,

minus the deviltry and all that. Come, I'll show you what I've done with

They threaded the trees and came upon a mighty bower, half sun, half shade, where in the midst of a nurse and Clem and many toys a baby was enthroned on a rug. "There you are." said Alix. "There's my spice, deviltry, scintillation and wit all done into one

roly-poly." "Well, I'm blowed," said Collinge ford, advancing cautiously on the young monarch. "Do you want me to -to feel him or say anything about his looks? I'll have to think a minute if you do."

"Booby," said Alix, "come away," But Collingeford seemed fascinated He squatted on the rug and poked the monarch's ribs. Nurse, mother and Clem flew to the rescue, but to their amazement the monarch did not bellow. He appropriated Collingeford's finger, "I wonder if he'd mind if I called him a 'young 'un,' " sollioquized the attacking giant.

'Silly," said Clem, "of course not.' "What are you staring at him that way for?" said Alix. "Can a baby make you think? A penny for them." "I was just thinking," said Collingeford gravely, "that a baby is positively the only thing I've never eaten."

A horrified silence greeted his re mark. The nurse was the first to recover. She strode forward, gathered up the baby and marched away. Alix and Clem fixed their eyes on Collingeford. He slowly withered and drew

Then the judge and Mrs. Lansing came out to them. Collingeford was looked him over curiously. Alan's introduced. Mrs. Lansing turned to Allx. "Have you asked Mr. Collingeford to stay to lunch? The judge has asked himself."

"No, mother," said Alix. "I'm afraid we couldn't give Honorable Percy anything new to eat. He says-'My dear Mrs. Lansing," interrupted Collingeford, "It's all a mistake. I judge followed his erect figure with positively loathe eating new things, no matter how delicious and rosy and blue-eyed they look."

"Are you speaking of cabbages?" inquired the judge.

"No, babies," said Clem.

ed to eat the haby." Mrs. Lansing laughed. "I don't blame him," she said. "I've often

wanted to eat bim myself." Collingeford spent a good deal of his week at The Firs. Clem went to see a window at the club with Alan be the baby daily as a matter of course and he went along, as he said himself. His hair was in the same state of as another matter of course. Clem white insurgency, his eyes bulged in to any height." taiked to the baby, Collingeford to the same old way, and he still puffed Alix. He said to her one day, "I've when he talked. His garb was identiread in books about bables doing this | cal and awakened the usual interest sort of thing to gad-abouts-" in the pessing gamin

********************************* "Gad-abouts," Interrupted Alix, "is

> just, but cruel.' "Well, butterflies," compromised Collingeford. "But I never believed it really happened."

"Oh," said Alix, "it wasn't the baby. Not altogether. You see, Mr. Collingeford, Gerry Lansing-I'm Mrs. Gerry -disappeared over a year ago-before the baby came. He thought I didn't love him. I might as well tell you about it. I believe in telling things. Mystery is always more dangerous than truth; It gives such a lead to imagination."

So she told him and Collingeford listened, interested. At the end he said nothing. Alix looked at his thoughtful face. "What do you think? Isn't there a chance? Don't you think he's probably-probably alive?"

The judge was not there to hear the neek appeal of faith for comfort. Collingeford met Alix' eyes frankly. "If I were you," he said, "I would probably believe as you do. I've met too many dead men in Piccadilly looking uncommonly well ever to say that a man is dead because he's disappeared. Then there's the other side of it. Bodsky says a man is never dead while there's anybody left that loves him." "The judge told me about Bodsky.

lots of murderers he'd like to take to his club. He must be worth while. I'd like to talk to him." "I don't suppose," said Collingeford

absently, that Bodsky has talked to a woman since he killed his mistress." Alix started and looked up from her "Don't you think you had better come back-and bring the talk back with you?"

It was Collingeford's turn to start. "I beg your pardon," he said. "You are right, I was in another world. Only you mustn't get a wrong impression. Everybody says it was an accidentexcept Bodsky. He has never said



Alan Wayne had been away for a year. He had not returned from Montreal but had gone one from there to work in South America and, later, to Africa. He had been in town for several

days when he met the judge one afternoon in November on the avenue. 'Judge," he said without preamble.

'what's this I hear about Gerry disappearing." "It's true," said the judge and add-

ed grimly, "he disappeared the day you went to Montreal."

Alan colored and his face turned "I am sorry," he said. "I grave. didn't know it."

"Sorry for what?" asked the judge, but Alan refused the opening and the judge hardly regretted it. They were not in tune and he felt it. His heart was heavy over Alan for his own sake. He had broken what the indge had long reverenced as a charmed circle. He had exiled himself from that which should have been dearer to him than his heart's desire. The judge wondered if he realized it. "You're not going out to Red Hill?" he asked, try-

ing to make the question casual. Alan glanced at him sharply. What was the judge after? "No," he said after a pause, "I shall not break the communal come of Red Hill for some time. I'm off again. McDale & Mc-Dale have loaned me to Ellinson's, I've become a sort of poohbah on construction in Africa. They get a premium for lending me."

Alan's speech habitually drawled except for an occasional retort that came like the crack of a whip. The judge dress was almost too refined. His person was as well cared for as a woman's. Every detail about him was a studied negation of work, utility, service. The judge thought of Collinge-

ford's story and wondered. They walked in silence for some time and then Alan took his leave. The solemn eyes. Alan had deteriorated. One cannot be the fly in the amber of more than one woman's memory without clouding one's own soul, and a clouded soul has its peculiar circumambiency which the clean can feel.

The judge felt it in Alan and winced. If Alan dld not go to the Hill, the Hill, in certain measure, came to Alan The next afternoon found the captain once more established in his chair in side him. The captain had not changed.

"Old!" said the captain. "Hub, I grew old before you were born." The captain spoke with pride. He straightened his bullet head and poised a tot of whisky with a steady hand, "What did I tell you?" he said into space. "How's that, str?"

"What did I tell you," repeated the captain swinging around his eyes, "about women?"

Alan flushed angrily. He had no retort for the old man. He sat sullenly silent. The captain colored too. "That's right," he said with a surprising touch

of choier, "Sulk. Every badly broken colt sulks at the grip of the bit. What you need, young man, is a touch of the whip and you're going to get it." And then the old man revealed a surprising knowledge of words that could lash. At first Alan was Indif-

oughly chastened and with an altogether new respect for the old captain. The captain's code was peculiar, to say the least, and held the passionate pilgrim in ample regard but, as he pointed out to Alan, it was a code of honor. It played a game within rules. He further remarked that the hawk was a bird of evil repute but personally he preferred him to the eagle that fouls its own nest. There were other pregnant phrases that hung in Alan's mind for some time and half awakened him to a realization of where he stood. Many a man, propped up by the sustaining atmosphere of a narrow world, has passed merciless judgment on such sins as Alan's-metal, unproved, sitting in judgment over the bar that twists in the flame. But the captain was not one of the world's confident army of the untested. He had roamed the high seas of pleasure as well as the ocean wave. Alan would have struck back at a saint but he took chastisement from the old sinner

with good grace. Alan left the captain and presented himself at the downtown offices of J. Y. Wayne & Co. They were expect-He's the man that said there had been | ing him and he was shown in to his uncle immediately, to the exasperation of several pompous, waiting



"Doll's Clothes?" Said Collingeford.

clients. It was the first time that uncle and nephew had been face to face since their memorable interview at Manle House

J. Y. Wayne was aging. He had lived hard and showed it, but there was no weakness in his age and he met Alan without compromise. He nodded toward a chair but did not offer his hand. When he spoke his voice was low and modulated to the tone of business. "I wanted to see you to tell you that you have overpaid your account with me. The balance has been put to your credit. You can see the cashier about that. I want to tell you, too, that I have made too much money myself to admire a surprising capacity in that direction in anyone

"Don't think that I don't appreciate the significance of your wiping out a debt which you incurred unwittingly. I can see that you had to do it because a Wayne must carry his head high in his own eyes. But-" and here J. Y.'s eyes left his nephew's expressionless face and looked vaguely into the shadows of the room. His voice took a lower key. "With all your sacrifice to pride you have falled in pride, You have not been proud in the things that count."

J. Y.'s voice fell still lower. His words hung and dropped in the silence of the room like the far-away throb of a great bell on a still night. "Yesterday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to think. Alan, that it's because Clem is there think that-" J. Y.'s eyes came slowly burning there. J. Y. went on, "Shame is a precious thing to a man. Different creeds-different circumstancescarry us to various lengths. Ethics are elastic today as never before but, as long as shame holds a bit of ground in a man's battlefield, he can win back

For a long minute there was silence arose. Alan's eyes were wide open and moist. He held out his hand and make it again,

"You'll never grow old, sir," said J. Y. gripped it. It was their whole

Back in his rooms Alan sat down and wrote to Clem:

Dear Clem: We are all two people. Un-cle J. Y. cut his other half off about thirty years ago and left it behind. The judge has his other half locked up in a closet. He has never let it out at all. And closet. He has never let it out at all. And so on, with every one of us. This sounds very funny to you now but some day when you are grown up you will catch your self looking at you and then you will catch your self looking at you and then you will eath you good. The half of me that knows you and loves you and Red Hill and that you love has been away longer than the rest of me. He only got back twenty minutes ago, and it is too late for him to come and see you because he and the rest of me are off temorrow on another trip. But he wants you to know that he trip. But he wants you to know that he is awfully sorry to have missed you. Next time I shall bring him with me. I hope. and I'll send him to you the day we ar-



There is no stronger proof of man's evolution than his adaptability-his dig. Well, let him dig. There was no power of attainment through the material at hand, however elementary. From the very beginning, the necessities of his new life called to Gerry's dormant instincts. For the first week he would not hear. The past loosens and loafed restlessly about the house. The two darkies worked for his wellbeing, the two white women waited on fulling; then it was wearying. He began to wander from the house,

But the week had not been altogether lost. He had gathered desultory but primitive information. Occasional re-occurring words began to be name was Margarita. The wrinkled little woman was her aunt, Dona Maria. The two darkies were lingering relics of slave days. They had been born here. They had gone with emancipation, but they had come back. The name of the plantation was Fazenda Flores. To them it was the world. They had wandered out of it hand in hand with liberty but they had come back because freedom was here. They needed someone to serve. Margarita had long been an orphan. The place was hers and had once been rich. But before her day water had become scarce. The place was uncared for and had fallen into its present ruin. It was well, she said, for if she had been rich suitors would have searched her out long since. She was eighteen, She had been a woman for years!

These things, some of them distinct, some only half-formed impressions, ran in Gerry's head as he wandered over the fazenda. It had once been rich, why was it not rich now? Fertility sprang to his view on every side save



"What's This I Hear About Gerry Disappearing?"

one. This was the gentle slope away from the river and behind the house. Even here he discovered hummocks in alignment, vague traces of the careful tilling of another time. He climbed the slope till he came to a depression running parallel to the river. It made a line and beyond that line was desert untamed. Cactus and thorn dotted its barren soil. Gerry followed the depression down to its end, then turned back and followed it up. It wandered among rocks and hillocks to a natural cleft in the banks of the great river.

He climbed a point of rock and gazed around him. Far down to the left gleamed the old plantation house in the midst of its waste lands. His eye followed the long depression and he began to understand many things. The ruin was a young ruin like himself. In itself it contained the seeds of rejuvenescence. It had been robbed With each pulse of the come-and-go that you have not come. If I could of its talisman and its talisman was water. Tons of water flowed past it trench, widening it and occasionally back to Alan's face. A dull red was and left it thirsting for drops. Irrigation is coeval with the birth of civilization. It had been here in this depresslon, lived, and passed away before he and the gly were born. He tried to explain to ver what once had been, but she shrugged her shoulders. She was followed the tiny stream. Soon it came not interested; she did not understand. Together they walked back to the house. Gerry was stlent and thoughtthen on a common impulse they noth ful. He saw a vision of what Fazenda started to flow back into the river. Flores had once been, what work could | Along all its length the ditch hetd.

The following day he rooted out two rusty spades from the debris in the old mill, fitted new handles to them and took the old darky, Bonifacio by name, off with him to the depression. They began the long task of digging out the silt of years. Day after day, week after week, they clung to the monotonous work. The darky worked like

shame of labor were side by side, paradoxically voked to the same task. Margarita and her aunt looked on and smiled and joy began to settle on the girl. During Gerry's first restless week she had steeled herself each night to the thought that she would wake to find him gone. But now be was taking root. It amused him to

goal. The essence of slavery is older

than any bonds wrought by man. The

white man and the black in the ditch

were its parable. The dignity and the

end to digging. Gerry occasionally varied the work of digging with making some knickknack for the house. The twisted limbs of trees became benches to supplant the rickety chairs, clumsily its tendrils slowly. He was listless patched and totally inadequate to his weight. In the same way he made the massive frame of a bed and Bonifacio remembered an art and filled in the him hand and foot. At first it was frame with plaited thongs. Work inspires emulation. The women got out their store of cloth. They made clothes for Gerry and fitted out the new bed. Pillows and mattress were stuffed with dry bur-marigoids that faintly scented the whole room. With each achievea step toward gayety. Ruin and dilapidation put forth green shoots. The gayety was reflected in the household. They were united in achievement. Quiet smiles were their reward to each other and sometimes a burst of wonder as when Gerry found some old

bottles and with the aid of a bit of string cut them into serviceable mugs. Margarita was happy. Her cup was full. All the dreams of her girlhood strange lover, but a man-such a man 9.75. as she had dreamed of but never seen. laughed as he nodded mild approval. One evening he sat on a bench on the veranda, fitting a handle into a dipper made of a cocoanut-shell. Margarita sat on the steps at his feet. She leaned back further and further until she sank against his knees. He stooped over her. She threw up her arms around his neck, locked her hands and drew him down. He kissed her lips and sighed.

"Ab, do not sigh," she wailed. 'Laugh! Laugh but once!"

Gerry did not grudge the months of toil in the ditch. As he worked he thought and planned. This ditch was the very real foundation for the attainment of his vision. Deep and strong and carefully graded it must be before he cleared the sand barrier to the river's surge. The ditch was slow of growth but there was something about it which held his faith. It was rugged and elemental. It was the ugly source of a coming resurrection.

When it was all but done he took Margarita and showed her his handiwork. He pointed out the little sluiceways, each with its primitive gate, a heavy log hinged on a thole-pin with a prop to hold it up and a stone to weight it when down. On the Fazenda side were innumerable little trenches that stretched down into the valley.

But not until he led her to the cleft in the river gorge and showed her that half an hour's work on the sand barrier would let the river into the great ditch did she understand. And then she caught his arm and burst into violent protest and pleading. "No, no," she cried, "you shall not do it. You shall not let in the river. The river is terrible. You must not play with it. It does not understand. You think it will do as you wish but it will not. Oh, if you must, please, please play with it below the rapids. There it is kinder, It lets one bathe. It lets one wash

Gerry got over his astonishment and laughed. Then he soothed her. ready the simpler phrases of tongue came easily from his lips. He told her that she was foolish and a little coward. She must watch and see how tame the river would be.

The next morning Gerry was up early. He was excited. From this day the ditch, the parched slope, the valley would know thirst no more. With the long dry season even the green bottoms had begun to wilt. He called Bonifacio and they started off to their

Under direction Bonifacio was digging a great hole just at the back of the sand-bank. Gerry measured its capacity and finally called the old darkey out. He jumped down on to the sand-bank himself and dug a small trench to the water. The river surged through it gently. Gerry climbed out. a wave rushed through the little carrying away a block of the sandbank into the hole. Gradually, then in rapid progression, the barrier was leveled. The hole filled with water that rose till it began to trickle down the long length of the ditch. They in rushing surges, Hours passed. Bonlfacle slept, but Gerry had forgotten time. The ditch filled. The water

CTO BE CONTINUED.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock DETROIT-Cattle: Receipts, 2,026, Best heavy steers, \$9@9.40; best handyweight butcher steers, \$8.50@8.75; mixed steers and heifers, \$7.75@8.50; handy light butchers, \$7.50@8; light butchers, \$6.50@7.50; best cows, \$6.75 @8; butcher cows \$6@6.50; common cows, \$4.50@5.75; canners, \$3.50@ 4.25; best heavy bulls, \$7@7.50; bologna bulls, \$6.25@6.75; stock bulls, \$5@6; feeders, \$7.50 @8.25; stockers, \$6.50@8; milkers and springers, \$45

Calves-Receipts, 1,659. Best bringing \$12 a hundred with a few extra fancy at \$12.50 and pulk of good \$11.50@12; common and heavy, \$8@

Sheep and Lamb-Receipts, 2,108. Best lambs, \$10.65; fair lambs, \$10@ 10.50; light to common lambs \$8@ 8.50; fair to good sheep, \$7@7.50; sulls and common, \$5@6.

Hogs-Receipts, 12,508. The hog trade was active and 5 to 10 cents higher than last week, pigs selling at \$9@9.25 and packers' grade \$9.80@

EAST BUFFALO-Receipts of cat tle, 140 cars; market 15 @ 25c higher; choice to prime native steers, \$9.75% 10.50; good to choice, \$9.25@9.75; fair to good, \$8.75@; plain and coarse, \$8.25@8.50; Canadian steers, 1,300 tc lowing year. Some people are always 1,400 lbs., \$9.50@9.75; do 1,250 to 1, sowing white clover in their lawns 350 fbs., \$9.25@9.50; yearlings, dry and wondering why they have to refed, \$9.50@10; best handy steers peat the process every year. \$8.75@9.15; light butcher steers, \$8.50 @8.75; good butcher steers and heif FRECKLES ers, \$8.50@9; steers and heifers, fair more than mere sounds. The girl's ment the somber house seemed to take to good, \$7.50@8; western light comnon heifers, \$7@7.50; best heavy fat cows, \$7.75@8; fancy, \$8.25; butcher cows, \$6.50@7.25; cutters, \$5@5.50; cenners, \$4@4.25; fancy bulls, \$7.25@7.75; common bulls \$6@6.50; good stockers, \$5@5.50@7.75; common bulls \$6@6.50; good stockers, \$5@5.50@7.75; common bulls \$6@6.50; good stockers, \$5@7.75; common bulls \$6@6.50; good stockers, \$6.50@7.75; common bulls \$6.70@6.50; good stockers, \$6.50@7.75; common bulls \$6.70@6.50; good stockers, \$6.50@7.

were fulfilled in Gerry. A silent and ers, \$10.25; pigs and lights, \$9.50@

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 50 cars; To herself she sang the old songs he market 15c higher; top lambs, \$11.25 should have sung to her and then @11.40; yearlings, \$9.75@10.25; weth ers, \$9@9.25; ewes, \$8.258.75.

Calves: Receipts, 1.500; market strong; tops \$12; fair to good, \$10.56 @11.50; fed calves, \$4.75@5.50.

Grain, Etc.

DETROIT-Wheat: Cash No 2 red. \$1.19 1.2; July opened with a drog of 1-2c at \$1.22 1-2, declined to \$1.22, advanced to \$1.22 1-2 and closed at \$1.20; September opened at \$1.22 1.4 and declined to \$1.19 3.4, advanced to \$1.22 1.4 and declined to \$1.19 3.4; No 1 white, \$1.14 1.2.

Corn-Cash No 3, 74c; No 3 yel low, 76 1-2c; No 4 yellow, 74@75c. Oats-Stanard, 46c; No 3 white, 45c; No 4 white, 43@44c.

Rye-Cash No 2, 97c. Beans - Immediate, prompt and May shipment, \$3.95; June, \$4. Seeds-Prime red clover and prime

alsike, \$8.85, prime timothy, \$3.70. Hav-No 1 timothy, \$22.50@23 standard timothy, \$21.50@22; light Your Liver mixed, \$21.50@22; No 2 timothy, \$15 Is Clogged Up mixed, \$11@13; No 1 clover, \$13@14; That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sorts rye straw. \$7.50@8; wheat and out straw, \$6.50@7 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

Flour-In one eighth paper sacks, will put you right per 196 lbs, jobbing lots: First patent in a few days. \$6.50; second patent, \$6.20; straight, \$5.90; spring patent, \$6.80; rye flour, \$6 per bbl.

Feed-In 100 bl sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$24; standard middlings, \$32; SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. fine middlings, \$30; cracked corn \$33; coarse cornmeal, \$32; corn and oat chop, \$28 per ton.

General Markets.

Strawberries - Louislana, \$2.50@ 2.75 per 24 quart case. Pineapples-Florida, \$2.50@2.75 pe

case and \$1.25@ 1.75 per doz. Oranges-California navels,\$3@3.75 per box; Valencias, \$3.50@4 per box. Apples Baldwins, \$3@3.50; Steels Reds, \$4@4.50 per bbl; western, \$1.75 @2 per box.

Nuts—Spanish chestnuts. 10c per lb; shellbark hickory, \$1.50; large hickory, \$1.25 per bu; walnuts, \$1.25 worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 M free.

Mushrooms-30@35c per lb. Cabbage-New, \$3.85@3.90 orate

Asparagus-Illinois section, 75c@\$1 per box. Celery-Florida, \$2.85@3 per crate and 90c@\$1 per doz. Tomatoes-Hothouse, 20@22c per

lb: Florida, \$4.25 per crate.

Maple Sugar-New, 15@16c per 1b; syrup, \$1.25@1.30 per gal. Lettuce-Hothouse, 15@16c per lb; head letters, \$2.50@3 per hamper. Ontons-Texas Bermudas, \$1.85 for

yellow and \$1.90 for white per crate. Tallow-No 1, Sc: No 2, 7c. Potatoes-Carlots on track, 95c@ \$1 for white and 90@95c for red per bu Dressed Calves-Best, 14@14 1.2c good, 13@13 1-2c; ordinary, 11@12c

Live Poultry-Broilers, \$5@40c per Ib; chickens, 18@19c; medium hens, 18c; ducks, 19@20c; geese, 11@12c turkeys, 22@24c per lb. New Potatoes-Bermuda \$8.25@8.50

per bbl; \$3 per bu; Florida No 1

per bu.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches and irregular kidney action mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. Don't delay. Profit by other people's experiences.

A Michigan Case

DOAN'S RIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

If You Want White Clover. Most of the clovers are biennials or perennials, but not so white clover. It is annual and propagates itself only by seed. Therefore if one wishes white clover in the lawn he must not cut it so short that no ripe heads will be formed to provide seed for the fol-

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation marks.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

nd use in the Poot-Bath, Gives instant clief to tired, sching, swollen, perspiring, marting, nervous feet, stops the sting of corns and bunions. Read a few extracts from original testimonials on file in original testimonials on file in our office: "Allen's Foot-Rase works

25c. Don't accept any subst

"Allen's Foot-Rase works like magic. Have placed some in tight shoes and feet feel fresh and comfortable."

"It is one of the grandest remedies ever made."

"Allen's Foot-Hase has just prevented me from throwing away a new pair of \$5.00 shoes. It is great.

Nothing so thoroughly rests the foot of the foot it takes the friction of the shoe and makes walk-comiaring a delight. We have 30,000 comiaring a delight. We have 30,000 comiaring a delight. We have 30,000 comited testimonials.

Over 100,000 packages are being used by Alled and German troops at the front. Sold everywhere, 15c. Boat accept any substitute.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They do stipation,



ABSORBINE will reduce them and leave no blemishes. ABSORBINE. JR., for mankind, the anticoptic finiment for Bolis, Brutses, Sores, Swellings, Varieuse Voins, Aliays Pain and Indammation. Price 21 and 22 a bettle at druggists or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.







26.75@7 per bbl; No 2, \$5.75@6 per bbi; No 1, \$2.50 per bu; No 2, \$2.21